SATURDAY, AUG. 30 1902

DID IT PAY?

Why Gershom Bender Quit Selling His Cider to the Saloon Keeper in the Village.

As Gershom Bender rode home in the chill twilight his usually cheerful face was not pleasant to look upon and his reflections were even more unpleasant than his face. The trouble began at the breakfast table. Grace, his only daughter, a bright, wide-awake girl of 16, had exclaimed:

"O, papa! I do wish you were not going to take that cider to old Mr. Schwinbeck to-day."

"Not take the cider?" said he. "What objection have you to that?"

"So many objections that I don't know which to name first. You know just what old Mr. Schwinbeck does with your cider—he puts whisky with it, and folks say he does more harm with it than any other saloonkeeper in town. The old topers, and young ones, too, are just crazy after it."

"Well, what of it? I don't sell to the old topers, and if I didn't sell Schwinbeck cider somebody else would."

"Now, papa, you are too sensible a man to use that flimsy argument; if somebody else sold Mr. Schwinbeck the cider you could not be blamed for it."

"Well, I tell you it pays. I have sold him 30 barrels already, and I will take two barrels to-day. If it hadn't been for the cider money I don't believe I would have got the new spring wagon this fall, and you might have had to do without your new cashmere dress."

"I would rather do without a cashmere dress to the end of my days than have one bought with old Mr. Schwinbeck's money," said Grace, while an indignant flush swept over her face.

"What in the world is the matter with old Schwinbeck's money? Isn't it as good as any other man's?"

"No, it isn't," said Grace, very decidedly. "You know how he makes it, by doing all he can to entice poor, silly men into his saloon, and then he sells them what can do them nothing but harm, and you are furnishing the stuff that does the harm. O, papa, please do quit it!"

"What has got into your head anyhow?" said Gershom Bender, as he moved uneasily on his chair. "Where have you picked up such foolishness? I believe it is that Mrs. Stedmore and her temperance meetings; she might

GRACE AND HER FATHER.

a good sight better be at home darning her man's socks than spending so much time stuffing you youngsters with her temperance nonsense. And what harm is there anyhow in cider?"

"Papa, how can you ask that? Don't you remember last winter when poor old Tom Crater froze to death, the last he was seen alive he was staggering out of Mr. Schwinbeck's saloon muttering something about wanting another glass of Bender's cider? And the last day I was in town, just as I passed Mr. Schwinbeck's, two young fellows came stumbling out, and a man just outside said. 'I guess they have had too much of Gersh Bender's cider.' I felt as though I never wanted to be seen in town again." And poor Grace blushed even now at the bare remembrance of that day. "Remember, papa, what happened here not long ago, all owing to hard cider. I am only too glad Mrs. Stedmore has made me think about this matter, and now, papa, be honest about this. You talk so much about what pays, and candidly, which do you think would pay the best, for Mrs. Stedmore to stay at home the two evenings a month on which she has her temperance meetings, to darn some old ten-cent socks, or to spend that time in trying to save the boys? In our pledge we promise not only to abstain from intoxicating drinks, but to discourage the traffic in them. And oh! how I do hate the whole business!"

This was the longest temperance speech Grace had ever made, and in her excitement she had risen from the table and now stood beside her father, with flushed cheeks and glistening eyes.

"Do sit down," said Gershom Bender impatiently, "and quit talking of things you know nothing about. As long as old Schwinbeck pays me a little more for cider than anybody else does, he may have it. Cider never hurts me, at any rate."

Grace said no more, but she thought with shame of a day, only a week before, when the minister was taking dinner with them, and her father's flushed face and senseless talk made it only too apparent that he had imbibed a little too much Bender cider.

Immediately after breakfast the horses were hitched to the handsome new wagon that had been bought with Schwinbeck's money, the cider was rolled in, and Gershom Bender started on his ten-mile drive.

While he was unloading the cider in front of Schwinbeck's saloon one of his neighbors, Sam Mutry, came along and said:

"Hello, Gersh, didn't you bet the cider on the election? Well, you've lost it, so you may as well pay up to-day."

"All right," said Gershom, "come in and we'll fix it."

A group of vermillion-nosed loungers about the door came in too. The affable Schwinbeck set out a row of bottles, with the remark:

"Yes, yes, shentlemens, here is shust what you vants—some of last year's Pender cider. I keeps it a purpose till after the 'lections."

Before Gershom left the saloon he had added some fourth-rate whisky to Bender cider, and on his homeward way a team and wagon came clattering close behind him, and a thick, drunken voice shouted: "Now for a race, Gersh Bender!"

He had scarcely time to turn his head when he saw Sam Mutry nearly upon him, and too drunk to know what he was doing. In trying to pass Gershom, his horses shied at a piece of loose paper and veered round in such a way that the wheels of his heavy wagon struck the lighter ones of Gershom's and—but who can tell just what happened, with one thoroughly drunken man, and the other only half himself! The new spring wagon lay by the roadside almost a total wreck and Colonel, Gershom's fleet, high-spirited horse, the pride of his stable, had an ugly gash on one shoulder.

How dismally unlike was this home-going from the hopeful starting out in the sunny morning!

Gershom rode the uninjured horse, and led poor, limping Colonel by his side. His mind went back to the breakfast table conversation; he thought of Grace's earnestness in denouncing the selling of cider to old Schwinbeck, and it was anything but cheerful to anticipate the look on her face when she would hear the outcome of the day.

A dangling buckle on the horse he was riding kept up a ceaseless jingle, jingle, and to his but partly cleared brain it said: "What a fool! What a fool!" He stooped down and adjusted the offending buckle, and immediately the strain was taken up by a piece of Colonel's harness, varied somewhat by his halting, painful steps: "Worse than a fool! Worse than a fool," and Gershom Bender said half aloud: "Well, I guess it's so."

He was even denied the solace of thinking to secure damages from Sam Mutry, for what could be recovered from a man whose farm was mortgaged for all it was worth, and whose wife held the purse-strings?

Then he thought of poor Tom Carter, frozen to death along this very road, but a stone's throw from this spot, and of Tom's last maudlin mutterings for more "Bender cider." He thought of what had occurred at home but a few weeks ago, on a day when he had taken a load of cider to town. On that day his son Jim and the hired man, following the example the head of the house so frequently set them, thought it a good time to treat themselves to a little spree on his cider, and of course, drew from the "hardest" barrel in the lot. In their general feeling of good fellowship and wishing to give everything as good a time as they themselves were having, they turned out into the pasture lot a horse of such well-known vicious habits that he was never allowed the freedom of the fields, and in less than an hour a promising colt had received a fatal kick from the old brute's heels. Somewhat later in the day, in their drunken stupidity, they left the feed-room door invitingly open, and the best cow, a handsome thoroughbred Jersey, walked in and helped herself generously to everything she fancied; and the next day she was a dead Jersey.

Just then another loose buckle now took up the song: "Does it pay? Does it pay?" The weary ride ended at last, and it makes no difference to you nor to me what Grace said, but she had the Christian forbearance not to say: "Well, I told you so."

Two weeks after this poor Colonel was dragged out to a quiet resting place beside the Jersey and the colt. Grace looked out of the kitchen window and saw her father sitting on a log by the barn. She went out intending to speak some cheering word. She had never seen so strange and penitent a look on his face, and at sight of her it changed to one of grim determination. His voice was not quite steady as he said:

"Well, Grace, it doesn't pay, and old Schwinbeck will never get another drop of cider from me."

Grace's joyous "O, papa, I'm so glad, so glad!" and the resounding kiss on his weather-beaten cheek were even sweeter to his money-loving soul than the jingle of old Schwinbeck's dollars. —Anna Beulah Kerr, in Union Signal.

Indiana Saloon Keepers to Fight.

A press correspondent announces that the saloon keepers of Indiana will perfect an organization to fight for the modification of the liquor laws in view of the recent decision of the supreme court which renders it possible where remonstrances are circulated to have local option. It is predicted that the decision will have the effect of wiping out 25 per cent. of the saloons in the state. It will drive them out of cities. Some saloon keepers are advocating an organization to control the next legislature in order to enact laws that will nullify the decision of the supreme court.

Exhilarating.

Friend—Well, Ethel, how do you like married life?

Ethel (enthusiastically)—It's simply delightful. We've been married a week and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time.—Stray Stories.

GIRL SHOWED PLUCK

Like Ajax of Old She Defies Thunder and Lightning.

Miss Kneen Had a Graduating Address to Deliver and the Elements Could Not Keep Her from Spouting.

Even as Ajax once defied the lightning so did Miss Helen Louise Kneen, of Derby, Conn., the other day, and with equal success. How she survived the shock which caused women to faint and strong men to grow pale is still a matter of admiring wonder to her friends, while the young woman laughingly treats her experience as only one of many interesting incidents in her short but bright career.

It was at the graduation exercises of the class of 1902 of the Derby high school that the thrilling incident occurred which is still the talk of that region of the "Nutmeg state."

On the stage of the Sterling opera house 13 pupils had gathered to receive diplomas. The prominence of 13, coincident with a Friday, had not been regarded as destitute of significance by many among the audience of 1,500 persons, and not a few experienced a decidedly unpleasant sensation while on the way to the opera house as they saw black and angry clouds and heard the rumbling of distant thunder. But once inside they applauded the 13 pupils with enthusiasm.

The first number of the programme, a chorus by a hundred school children, had just been concluded when Miss Kneen stepped forward to deliver the valedictory address. Undismayed by the rattle of celestial artillery and the vivid flashes of lightning, she began:

"The evening of the 13th of June is here, and so are we, with our decorations, our fresh white dresses, our immaculate shirt bosoms, our patent leathers. But one dreadful fear oppresses us. We are 13 in number, here on the 13th of the month, and on a Friday, too. What dreadful thing

MISS KNEEN REMAINED COOL.

is to befall us? Is it any wonder that we are on the pins and needles of apprehension?"

"Bang!" went a thunder clap.

Having reached her peroration, Miss Kneen had warmed so impressively to her subject that she stood with uplifted hand and the words "nothing to blast" upon her lips, when the crucial test of her nerve occurred.

Like a comet in a clear sky, a ball of fire shot through an open window and for a second seemed to poise upon Miss Kneen's finger tips, while the audience sat spellbound with horror. Several pupils on the tier of seats directly behind Miss Kneen fainted.

People could not grasp the situation. All they thought was that a young girl had been struck by lightning and might die before their eyes. Women gazed on the sight, terror stricken beyond the power of action.

The coolest, calmest person in the house was Miss Kneen. Still standing with uplifted arm, she watched the ball of fire roll away from her, and after pursuing a serpentine course, disappear at the other end of the stage.

"As I was saying," continued Miss Kneen—but no one heard her. Physicians and others were hurrying to the assistance of those who had fainted. No one was seriously hurt, and the displacement of a few bricks of the building was the only damage wrought by the electrical fluid.

When, a moment later, Miss Kneen concluded her address and took her seat, the audience had recovered its composure sufficiently to vent its admiration for the brave young girl in an outburst of applause which was continued for several minutes.

Miss Kneen is a pretty brunette of medium height, 17 years old. Many believe that but for her coolness in the trying situation there would have been a panic in the hall.

"Frightened?" said she when questioned by a New York Herald correspondent, "not in the least. I didn't have time to be. But I conquered the hoodoo, and I am satisfied."

Their Sympathy Was Aroused.

A landlord in Athlone, Ireland, having evicted a non-paying tenant, two members of the family waited for him one night in a lonely spot on the outskirts of the town, where he was expected to pass. They had shilleiahs in their hands, and intended to give him a severe beating. For some reason, the landlord did not come. "I hope," said one of the waiting men, "that nothing has happened to the poor owld gentleman."

MARVELOUS MEMORY.

Although But Eight Years Old, Arthur Moser, of Chicago, Is a Scholar of Note.

Probably the youngest prodigy or "boy wonder" of the present is Samuel Arthur Moser, of 3252 Vernon avenue, Chicago. The readiness and rapidity with which he answers questions relating to history and figures is truly remarkable as well as absolutely correct. The matter is a natural one, having never been cultivated one instant. His parents and boy friends, while proud of the gift, do not encourage its practice beyond the ordinary every day life. However, he is always anxious to "be doing something with figures," as he tells his fond mamma, and this keeps him in practice.

SAMMY IN THE BARBER SHOP.

Arthur is the baby of a family of four boys, and was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Moser at Maroa, Ill., June 11, 1894. Mr. Moser lived in Maroa 12 years, operating a general store. He moved his family to Chicago three years ago, and is a traveling salesman for the Michigan Leather company, of Detroit, Mich.

When five years of age his playmates noticed his wonderful aptitude for figures, easily answering all sorts of questions. They believed him "making believe" with his answers, and not until his parents became attracted to the gift was it believed the child correctly answered the questions given him in mathematics and history. His father would take the lad to the barber shop Saturday evenings. While getting shaved he would ask the child what day of the week a certain period fell upon. The quick reply secured the admiration of all within the little shop, and the gift was enlarged upon in the neighborhood.

Now, says the Chicago Tribune, he knows the names of the presidents, the dates of their births and deaths, can tell the day of the week any date came on, and can add imposing sums by mental arithmetic. He has at his tongue's end a mass of geographical and historical information and never stumbles in his answers.

His parents say that outside of two short spells of sickness the child has always been in perfect health, living outdoors on his tiny bicycle most of the time. He is an incessant reader of the Bible, historical works and the daily newspapers, and oftentimes has to be literally driven from reading to his bed.

BETRAYED CONFIDENCE.

The German Was Highly Recommended, Yet He Went Off with the Captain's Bucket.

This story was told to a New York Times man by the prototype of Capt. Joe, the hero of F. Hopkinson Smith's novel, "Caleb West:"

"HE'S GONE OFF WITH A BUCKET."

An Irishman once applied to him for a job on board his ship.

"Well," said the captain, "where are your recommendations?"

"Shure, an' I haven't enny, sur."

"Can't take you, then—got a German here with fine recommendations —have to give the job to him."

Pat begged so hard, however, that the captain finally agreed to take him and the German both on a trial trip, the best man to have the permanent job.

They were well out at sea when a storm arose one day while Pat and the German were scrubbing the deck. A big wave came along and swept the German overboard with his bucket. Pat immediately picked up his bucket and started after the captain.

"Well, Pat, what's the matter now?" the captain inquired.

"Faith, sur, ye know that German what had such foine ricomminda-tions?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"Begorra, sur, an' he's gone off with one o' your buckets."

Many Different Kinds.

"That escaped criminal is double-faced."

"Double-faced? I should call him thousand-faced, from the number of 'authentic' portraits of him printed in the newspapers."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Phonetic.

Bowles—What do you think of my arguments?

The Other — Sound—most assuredly sound.

Bowles—And what else?

The Other—That's all—merely sound.—N. Y. Journal.

Swallowing Abilities.

Jack Tar—Ye mightn't believe it, but whales have a very small mouth.

Landsman—Yes, I've heard they wouldn't even be able to swallow half the stories that are told about them. —N. Y. Weekly.